POEMS

On various SUBJECTS,

Divine, Moral and *Entertaining:*

THE

POSTHUMOUS WORKS

OF

Mr. *JACOB AXFORD,*

OF THE CITY OF BATH,

Late Surgeon of his Majesty's Ship, Scipio;

Written for his own AMUSEMENT.

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Good Nature and good Senſe muſt ever join:
To Err is Human, to forgive DIVINE. POPE.

POEMS

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

The Seventh Chapter of PROVERBS,

Attempted in Engliſh Verſe.

ATTEND my Son with reverential Fear,
With filial Awe m' inſtructive Precepts hear,
Deep in thy Breaſt the ſage Advice record,
And Length of Days ſhall be thy great Reward.

To ſacred Wiſdom ſtrict Allegiance pay,
Obſerve her Precepts, and her Laws obey;
Court her Alliance, and her Aid implore
To turn thy Footſteps from the Harlot's Door.
Aſſiduous Virtue ſhall her Friendſhip gain,
And Vice and Flattery ſpend their Shafts in Vain?

For late, as Ev'ning clos'd the ſultry Day,
And Night's pale Regent re-aſum'd her Sway,
I from my Window caſt a pitying Eye,
On the gay Crowds that ran unthinking by:
Thence I with Pain diſcern'd a thoughtleſs Youth;
His Looks eſtrang'd to Virtue and to Truth:
With headlong Steps the Victim paſt the Street,
To ſeek the Harlot, and his Ruin meet.

With dire Succeſs his wanton Wiſhes crown'd,
Too ſoon alaſs! the fatal Fair he found.
The artful Countenance, the glaring Dreſs
Proclaim the Harlot, and her Mind expreſs.
With Noiſe indecent obſtinately loud,
With rambling Footſteps born from Crowd to Crowd.
Only eſtrang'd to Virtue, and to Home,
Thro' every Street the Wanton loves to roam:
Deſtructive Baits for Virtue to prepare,
And at each Corner ſpread the ſubtle Snare.
With Looks laſcivious and immodeſt Joy
She caught and kiſs'd the young deluded Boy:
And thus with Smiles alluring boldly ſaid
" To Day my Offerings and my Vows are paid:
" To ſeek thy Face, I came, nor came in vain,
" Since the lov'd Sight rewards the well-ſpent Pain:
" *Arabia's* Spices, and her rich Perfumes
" With grateful Odours fill my fragrant Rooms;
" And curious Tap'ſtries in nice Order ſpread,
" Adorn my Chamber, and ſurround my Bed:
" For Sports luxurious let us now prepare,
" And the rich Joys that faithful Lovers ſhare;
" With growing Pleaſures ſhall our Hours attend
" Till envious Morning bid thoſe Pleaſures end:
" Far from his Home, on tedious Buſineſs call'd
" My Huſband left me with his Preſence pall'd:
" Nor ſhall his quick return our Joys allay;
" Affairs require, and Gold ſupports his Stay."

Upon her Lips ſuch flatt'ring Miſchief hung,
Such ſoft Perſuaſion dwelt upon her Tongue;

Enſnar'd he ſunk ſupinely to her Arms
Th' unwary Victim of her vicious Charms:
As heedleſs Oxen to the Slaughter go,
And Thoughtleſs Fools receive the chaſt'ning Blow:
As Birds unthinking haſten to the Snare,
Nor fear the Loſs of Life or Freedom there:
The Captive Youth devours the ſpecious Bait,
Nor dreads th' Effects that on his Error wait,
Till inborn Tortures tell him 'tis too late.

Hear then, my Children; to my Words attend,
Her Paths decline, nor to her Gates deſcend;
For ſure Deſtruction waits on all her Ways,
The Strong ſhe conquers, and the Brave diſmays;
To Death's dark Chambers all her Pleaſures tend,
And only in eternal Ruin end.

A Sacred HYMN.

I.

MY God, for I will call thee mine,
That glorious Claim I'll ne'er reſign:
Teach me my grateful Voice to raiſe
In Sounds that ſuit my Maker's Praiſe.

II.

I ſing th' almighty Power of God,
In all his Works diſplay'd abroad;
That Power that ſpake the World from Nought,
And to ſuch vaſt Perfection brought.

III.

I ſing the Power whoſe high Command
Supports the Produce of his Hand:
Its beauteous Order ſtill maintains,
And o'er extended Nature reigns.

IV.

I ſing the Power whoſe quick'ning Word,
Spake from the Duſt Creation's LORD:
Man, of his Works the laſt and beſt;
And ſtampt his Image on his Breaſt.

V.

But oh! what Numbers ſhall I find,
To tell the Raptures of my Mind;
When I would join the Bleſt above,
And ſing of GOD's redeeming Love.

VI.

Come Saints and Sinners with me join:
Adore the Depths of Love Divine:
Receive and bleſs the proffer'd Grace;
Salvation to your fallen Race.

VII.

Behold the Son of GOD comes down;
He leaves the Glories of his Throne!
Your Nature takes, aſſumes your Load
Of Sin, and drinks the Wrath of GOD.

VIII.

He bears the Guilt, the Wrath your Due,
Revil'd, contemn'd, and ſcourg'd for you:

Nor ſpares the Torrent of his Blood,
But richly pours the crimſon Flood.

IX.

For you the ſacred Fountain rolls,
Tis ſhed to cleanſe polluted Souls;
To waſh your guilty Stains away,
And bring you to eternal Day.

X.

Behold him bleed, and pant, and die,
See him expire on Calvary:
For you, your GOD ſubmits to Death!
The LORD of Life reſigns his Breath!

XI.

Earth's Centre trembles with Affright;
The Sun retiring veils his Light:
Horror and Darkneſs reign abroad,
And Nature ſuffers with her GOD.

XII.

'Tis done, the great Atonement's made,
For Guilt the laſt Oblation paid:
Sin, Death, and Hell are all o'ercome,
And buried in a Saviour's Tomb.

XIII.

See him to Life eternal riſe:
See him regain his native Skies:
See him to GOD's Right Hand aſcend,
Your Interceſſor, and your Friend.

XIV.

Triumphant now he reigns on high,
In mild reſplendent Majeſty:
He ſpeaks the Merit of his Blood,
And pleads for every Soul with GOD.

XV.

Far as Creation's ample Rourd;
To diſtant Earth's remoteſt Bound;
Ye Servants of the LORD, proclaim
The univerſal Saviour's Name.

XVI.

Boldly declare he died for all:
On every Sinner loudly call:
Call every ranſom'd Soul to GOD
Nor dare confine the Saviour's Blood.

XVII.

Aſſert that all on him may feaſt;
All may his great Salvation taſte;
And all with *Chriſt* forever ſhine,
Array'd in Righteouſneſs Divine.

The Fifteenth PSALM.

I.

WHO ſhall inhabit LORD,
Within thy holy Hill;
Upon thy ſacred Altar wait
And in thy Preſence dwell!

II.

The Man whoſe Life is pure,
And righteous all his Deeds;
Whoſe Lips untainted ſpeak the Truth
That from his Heart proceeds.

III.

Whoſe Tongue abhors Deceit;
His Hands unſtain'd with Guile:
And hates the Ways that Slanderers uſe
His Neighbour's Name to ſpoil.

IV.

Whoſe Heart unpuft with Pride,
Seems lowly in his Sight:
Regards the Servants of the LORD
And loves them Day and Night.

V.

Who to his Neighbour ſwears,
Nor breaks the ſacred Vow;
Tho' Diſappointments to himſelf
From the Performance flow.

VI.

Who helps th' induſtrious Poor,
Without the Uſurer's Price;
And ſtands the Guard of Innocence
Againſt th' Attacks of Vice.

VII.

Who thus with ſtedfaſt Faith,
Abſtains from every Ill,
Shall walk ſecure, and never fall;
For GOD ſupports him ſtill.

The Eighth PSALM.

I.

MY King, my Saviour, and my God,
How glorious is thy Name!
The Heavens proclaim thy Praiſe abroad
Thro' all their ſhining Frame.

II.

While Babes that hang upon the Breaſt
Declare th' Almighty's Praiſe,
Abaſh'd and mute thy Foes appear
In Wonder and Amaze.

III.

Thy Works O LORD, when I ſurvey
Heaven's glorious Canopy;
And all thoſe glittering Worlds of Light
That deck the azure Sky:

IV.

What then is Man, my Soul enquires,
Tranſported at ſuch Grace,
Or whence this Favour of the LORD,
To Man's unworthy Race!

V.

Man, whom but few Degrees below
Thine Angels thou haſt plac'd,
With ſuch diſtinguiſh'd Honours crown'd
And with ſuch Glories grac'd.

VI.

With universal Power endow'd
O'er all thy Works below;
And bid th' extended World around
To his Dominion bow.

VII.

The lowing Herds, the numerous Flocks,
And every Kind of Beast
That fill the flow'ry Plains, and on
The verdant Pasture feast.

VIII.

The feather'd Choristers of Air,
They chaunt their Maker's Praise;
The numerous Reptiles of the Earth
And all the scaly Race.

IX.

How glorious is thy Name, O LORD,
How excellent abroad!
The Heavens, and Earth, and all therein
Proclaim th' Eternal GOD.

A HYMN,

Occasion'd by seeing a Manuscript on natural and reveal'd Religion.

I.

WHERE shall my raptur'd Soul begin
Thy Praises, O my GOD and King?
Within thy Courts I'll seek thy Face,
And tell the Wonders of thy Grace.

II.

The LORD is known in all his Ways,
The whole Creation ſpeaks his Praiſe;
And Nature's Voice declares aloud
Her Maker and Support is GOD.

III.

Each various Object that we view
Proclaims th' Almighty Eſſence true:
And every Part of every Sphere,
Acknowledges Jehovah there.

IV.

The glorious Sun that ſhines on high,
The glittering Spangles of the Sky
From him derive their borrow'd Rays,
And join to celebrate his Praiſe.

V.

The regularly rolling Year
Does his almighty Fiat hear;
While Summer, Winter, Night and Day
His all-controuling Voice obey.

VI.

Thro' the vaſt Ocean he preſides,
He rules the Winds, and ſtates the Tides:
While all in this Confeſſion join,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

VII.

He bids the wide Creation know
Man, his Vicegerent here below;

Whoſe intellectual Powers proclaim
Th' almighty and eternal Name.

VIII.

His Works with Wonder I ſurvey,
His Power and Goodneſs theſe diſplay:
But more the ſacred Page I love,
Where he reveals him from above.

IX.

I read the well known Volume o'er;
His Truth and Mercy I adore:
Hence ſprings Delight that ne'er can cloy,
For Contemplation ſwells the Joy.

X.

'Tis here he ſhines divinely bright,
Plac'd in the moſt endearing Light:
Redeemer, Saviour, Father, Friend,
And GOD of Hope when Time ſhall end.

XI.

Here he has wrote the Law divine,
Here the bright Beams of Mercy ſhine:
And here the glorious Means are ſhown,
Of Grace and Pardon thro' his Son.

XII.

This godlike Truth has long been known,
The LORD has vouch'd it as his own:
Wonders and Signs have made it good,
And *Chriſt* has ſeal'd it with his Blood.

XIII.

Amazing Senſe of heav'nly Love!
This Goodneſs O my Soul improve,
Thy Saviour's gen'rous Terms embrace,
And fly for Refuge to his Grace.

After a dangerous Voyage, a miraculous Eſcape from the Enemy, and a Fit of Illneſs.

I.

AWAKE my Soul with ſacred Joy,
And all thy nobler Power employ
To bleſs the great Jehovah's Name,
The GOD from whom thoſe Powers came;
Extend thy Voice, and tune thy Strings,
And loudly bleſs the King of Kings.

II.

He rear'd thee from the drooping Grave,
He check'd the loud inſulting Wave;
Bid the proud Deep its Limits know,
And ſav'd thee from the threat'ning Foe:
Then raiſe thy Voice and tune thy Strings,
And loudly bleſs the King of Kings.

III.

With grateful Heart adore his Name,
Tell to the diſtant World his Fame;
Praiſe him in moſt exalted Lays,
Nor only ſpeak, but live his Praiſe:
Thus raiſe thy Voice, thus tune thy Strings,
Thus ever bleſs the King of Kings.

THOUGHTS in a CALM at SEA.

SEE the wide Convex of th' extended Main
Seems to the wond'ring Eye a glaſſy Plain.
The gentle Zephyrs now forget to creep
O'er the ſmooth Surface of th' untrobled Deep.
The uſeleſs Sails hang pendant to the Maſt,
The Ship unmov'd amidſt the watry Waſte.
The ruder Winds confine their angry Breath,
And Nature's calm as in the Arms of Death.
Not ſo when Winds contending Winds engage,
And laſh the Billows with impetuous Rage;
Waves roll o'er Waves with undiſtinguiſh'd Roar,
The foaming Surge breaks dreadful on the Shore;
Vaſt watry Mountains threat the low'ring Sky,
The yawning Ocean Shocks th' affrighted Eye:
Diſorder wild ſpreads o'er the vaſt Profound,
And univerſal Horror reigns around.
So lawleſs Paſſions in the human Breaſt
Diſturb our Peace, and rob the Mind of Reſt;
Ambition, Anger, Envy, or Revenge,
O'erturn the Man, and all his Powers unhinge:
Or Luſt unbridled boiling in the Veins
Erects the Seat where mad Confuſion reigns;
And lawleſs Anarchy uſurps the Rule
In theſe impetuous Sallies of the Soul.
But when bright Reaſon re-aſumes her Throne,
Exerts her Power, and makes her Empire known;
Th' unruly Fury of the Blood ſubſides,
Serene and calm the gentle Torrent glides;
The lawleſs Outrages of Paſſion ceaſe,
The Brute ſubdued, the Man appears at Peace;

Bids awful Wiſdom in his Boſom reign,
Nor bears the Image of his GOD in vain.

On my ſudden going on board the ORFORD and her leaving the Land.

AND muſt I go? ſo ſudden the Surprize!
Not one laſt Look to feed my longing Eyes?
No Time to tell the Part'ner of my Heart,
How long, or wherefore we ſo ſoon muſt part?
Be torn from all, that ALL my Soul held dear?
My Life, my Love, my Bliſs, my All was her.
The kind Companion of each anxious Hour,
Fair Nature's Pride, and Virtue's choiceſt Flower:
Whoſe Converſation charm'd the tedious Day,
Whilſt the wing'd Hours ſtole unperceiv'd away:
Who ſoft'ned Anguiſh with the Sweets of Love,
The laſt beſt Bleſſing of all bounteous Jove.

The Orford now, impatient for the Seas,
Waits the Conveyance of a gentle Breeze.
Th' expectant Seaman now with eager Eyes
Sees the kind Zephyrs o'er the Waters riſe.
The Waters whiten with th' auſpicious Gales
That fan the Air, and fill the ſwelling Sails:
The lofty Veſſel thro' the liquid Way
Triumphant rides, and cuts the yielding Sea:
To fair *Britannia* bids a long Adieu,
And with far diſtant Countries in her View
Mounts o'er the Billows, glides along the Main,
Nor leaves th' Impreſſion on the watry Plain.

Adieu, fair *Britain*, native lovely Isle,
On whom Heaven deigns propitiously to smile;
Bright regal Seat of Princes and of Kings,
To whom each distant World its Tribute brings:
Blest Soil, where Plenty reigns thro' every Part,
Where bounteous Ceres chears each honest Heart:
Where every Blessing Nature can demand
The God of Nature gives with liberal Hand;
And all that Luxury can require, or Pride,
Is by the obedient Sea from far supplí'd:
Where pure Religion shines divinely bright;
Untainted here, and in its native Light:
Where Heaven born Liberty uprears it's Head,
Its Godlike Influence thro' the Land to spread;
Where beauteous Virgins crown each amouros Swain,
And happy Subjects bless great George's Reign:
Farwel fair Isle! may every Blessing crown
Thy happy Shore, and mark it with Renown:
Thy mighty Arms may Conquest still attend,
Till haughty *Spain* shall sue to be thy Friend:
Till *Europe*'s Foes be greatly overthrown,
France find Submission and *Lorrain* a Throne:
O may no Faction vex thy friendly Shore,
But Peace prevail, and Discord be no more:
May differing Parties lay their Hatred by,
Ambition cease, and baneful Envy die:
Bliss, Love, and Union reign throughout thy Isle,
And Joys eternal on thy Natives smile.

The mighty Vessel lab'ring with the Wind,
By narrow Seas no longer now confin'd,

To the vaſt Ocean wings her watry Way
And cuts her Paſſage thro' th' Atlantic Sea.

So when th' immortal Soul and Body part,
And Nature's Call o'er-powers the Strength of Art;
Th' aerial Mind from the embodying Clay
At the dread Summons breaks like Light away;
And, from the narrow Bound of Time ſet free,
Plunges into th' Abyſs of vaſt Eternity:
Stupendous Thought! here ſtop my Soul, and know
Th' amazing Change that all muſt undergo:
When pale Diſeaſe proclaims thy parting Breath,
And ſick'ning Nature tells approaching Death:
When the grim King of Terrors ſhall appear,
Thy tott'ring Frame when ſtrong Convulſions tare:
How wilt thou dare to view thy future State?
Or ſtand the Shock of thy incumbent Fate?
Dar'ſt thou reflect upon that awful Day,
When the great Judge in terrible Array,
To doom the guilty and the juſt to clear,
In all his Father's Glory ſhall appear?
Leaves conſcious Guilt no Stain upon thy Mind?
Haſt thou no unrepented Vice behind?
Within the ſecret Chamber of thy Breaſt,
Lurks there no guilty no deceitful Gueſt?
Is all ſerene, and calm, and clear within?
Does Recollection tell no darling Sin?

Then boldly venture on the unknown Shore;
Death with his Terrors can affright no more:
Beyond the peaceful Manſions of the Grave,
No diſmal Views thy guiltleſs Mind can have:

No Hopes, no Cares, thy Peace ſhall e'er annoy,
But Death ſhall prove thy Entrance into Joy:
When on the Bed of Sickneſs thon ſhalt lie,
And thy weak Frame ſhall totter, ſink and die,
Thy conſcious Innocence thy Mind ſhall chear,
And glorious Proſpects op'ning ſhall appear:
Bleſt Choirs of Angels wait thy fleeting Soul,
And circling Joys thro' endleſs Ages roll.

Eternity ſhall ſhort liv'd Time devour,
And Guilt, and Pain, and Sorrow be no more.

To a LADY on her MARRIAGE.

MADAM,

SINCE you've receiv'd another to your Breaſt,
Spite of the Pangs that rob my Soul of Reſt;
To him reſign'd that radient Blaze of Charms,
And bleſt him in the Circle of your Arms;
Thus unrelenting will I curſe the Bride,
That gave to him what ſhe to me deny'd;
And you, ye ſacred Powers attend my Cauſe,
Patrons of Love, and Honour, and their Laws,
Bright Cytherea, Cupid, Hymen too;
You heard her Vows, to you Revenge is due;
I call ye all; fly ſwiftly to my Aid,
And ſhow'r my Curſes on the faithleſs Maid;
May the firſt Pains that ever Woman bare,
The Pains of being a Mother fall on her;
May every growing Year thoſe Pains return
And every growing Year a Babe be born;

'Till the bright Charms that now adorn her Face,
Shall bloom thro' twenty of her Infant Race.
Ye Powers propitious ſtill preſerve her Life,
That ſhe may live to be an antient Wife;
And that great Curſe which beauteous Women dread,
The Curſe of Age adorn her ſilver'd Head.
May the dear Man that has obtain'd her Heart,
Reign the ſole Monarch of that flutt'ring Part:
Curſe her with conſtant kind rewarding Love,
And every Action of her Life approve.
No Separation may they ever know,
No ſingle Bleſſing, and no ſingle Woe,
But Hand in Hand thro' every Period go;
'Till to the ſilent Grave they both deſcend,
And there my Envy and my Curſes end.

To Dorinda.—A Song.—Tune, *Dying Swain.*

WHEN Chance firſt threw me in your Way,
I felt a pleaſing Smart;
I ſeem'd delighted, briſk, and gay,
Nor dreamt of Cupid's Dart.

I gaz'd with Rapture on your Eyes,
Each Feature I admir'd;
But ſoon my Heart was made your Prize,
With Love my Breaſt was fir'd.

With Flames unknown my Boſom glow'd,
Which on my Vitals prey'd;
With Pain I left the lov'd Abode
Of you, Cæleſtial Maid.

Net Abſence cou'd the Flame allay,
But fiercer ſtill it grew:
You're all my Thoughts the live-long Day,
My Dream is only you.

Some Power cæleſtial take my Part,
Aſſiſt me from above,
With Pity move her tender Heart,
And melt her into Love.

Heal, heal the Wounds your Eyes have made,
Nor give me to Deſpair,
Extend your Pity for my Aid
And take me to your Care.

Tis you alone can eaſe my Mind
And fix my future Fate;
For ever happy, if you're kind,
Or wretched in your Hate.
Then bleſs me with your radiant Charms,
Be generous as you're fair;
I'll fly like Light'ning to your Arms,
And dwell for ever there.

To DORINDA, from the *Weſt-Indies*, on receiving a Letter from her.

WHEN tedious Abſence to deſpair
Had almoſt ſunk my Mind,
Had fill'd my Soul with gloomy Care,
Nor left one Joy behind;

When anxious Hopes, and doubtful Fears
My Boſom had poſſeſt;
And ſoft Repoſe had long been grown
A Stranger to my Breaſt;

When Days, and Weeks, and Months paſt on
Without one Line from you;
And all my Fancy cou'd ſuggeſt
My Fears proclaim'd was true:

How did my raptur'd Heart exult,
And how reviv'd my Flame,
When on the charming Page I read
The dear Dorinda's Name?

Dorinda, beauteous as the Flowers
That rear their op'ning Heads,
When the warm Sun enliv'ning glows
Upon their verdant Beds.

Dorinda, fragrant as the Roſe
That ſheds it's rich Perfume,
Chaſte as the new deſcending Snow,
Or Infants in the Womb.

Dorinda, bleſt beyond her Sex,
While o'er our Hearts ſhe reigns,
Delights to make her Captives ſmile,
And triumph in their Chains.

The happy Virgin Paper tells
The Thoughts her Heart inſpires;
Pure Emblem of her ſpotleſs Mind,
And of her chaſte Deſires.

Abſence and Time have loſt their Power,
For ſhe is ſtill the ſame;
Her matchleſs Conſtancy and Truth
Support and feed my Flame.

Ye ſacred Powers that guard the juſt
Reward her gen'rous Care;
Let every choiceſt Bleſſing crown
The Virtuous and the Fair.

Swiftly ye tardy Minutes fly,
And bring the Time to Light,
When Abſence ſhall no more divide
Whom Love and Faith unite.

When ſacred Hymen's genial Rites
Shall fix Dorinda's Power;
Reſtore us to each others Arms,
And nothing part us more.

HORACE, Book the 1ſt, Ode the 5th, done at Ten Years old.

CLOE, what ſimple tender Youth,
(Ignorant as yet of all but Truth)
Sports with you on a roſy Bed,
Or on your Breaſt reclines his Head;
For whom your golden Locks you bind,
Or give them looſely to the Wind?
How often He'll lament his Fate,
Your broken Faith lament too late,
Lament his adverſe Deities,
And wonder at the ruffled Seas?

(Whoſe only Thoughts of fickle you
Are that you're fair and ever true)
When to his Coſt the Wretch ſhall find
You're more inconſtant than the Wind.
*The Wall whereon my Danger's wrote,
Declares, to Neptune I devote
Wet with the Sea my briny Coat.

Deſign'd for Music on the Eleventh of *June*.

PHOEBUS, Ruler of the Skies,
With diſtinguiſh'd Rays ariſe,
And with redoubled Luſtre crown
The happy, the auſpicious Day
That gave to George imperial Sway,
And fixt him on the Britiſh Throne.

Let the thund'ring Cannon roar,
And Eccho tell from Shore to Shore,
The Joy that every *Briton* wore;
When with a propitious Smile
The guardian Genius of our Iſle,
Plac'd the Scepter in his Hand,
And led him to his high Command.

Grateful *Britons* bleſs the Day,
To George your chearful Homage pay:
Let Envy, Faction, Diſcord die;
And only tune your Hearts to Joy.

*This alludes to an ancient Practice amongſt the Heathens: When they were in any Danger at Sea they invoked their God (Neptune) for Succour: And if they eſcaped with Life, they immediately hung up in his Temple, the Garments in which they were ſaved, and by them, on the Wall, they wrote the Circumſtances of the Story.

ACROSTIC.

M USE tell the Nymph who cauſes all my Pains
A n honeſt Heart is fetter'd in her Chains;
R elate how pure my Flame; the Cauſe declare;
Youth, Witt and Beauty center all in her;

G o ſome kind Zephyr, whiſper in her Ear,
R each her ſoft Heart; ſhe'll not diſdain to hear
I n moving Accents how I burn for her;
F orget not how Love's Fire at firſt aroſe;
F orget not how more lively ſtill it grows;
I mplore her Pity on the Pains I bear,
T ell her I dream, talk, think of nought but her.
H ear gentle Maid, and eaſe my tortur'd Breaſt,
S ince you alone can ever make me bleſt.

A Song made in the Beginning of a Cruiſe, in his Majeſty's Ship Orford, commanded by Capt. Mayne.

Tune, *Charles of Swcden.*

COME my Lads let us be gay,
Let every Man look jolly,
And while we cruiſe in Queſt of Prey
Baniſh Melancholy:
Commanded by the valiant *Mayne*
We'll range all o'er the liquid Plain
Striking Terror into *Spain*
In the flying Orford.

Free from Diſcord, Care and Strife,
Full of Joy and Pleaſure,
Jovial is the Sailor's Life
And happy beyond Meaſure;
For as the flowing Bowl goes round,
Our Hours with Mirth ſhall all be crown'd
And each Man's Laſs's Health reſound
Thro' the flying Orford.

Thus triumphant as we ſail
In Queſt of Gold and Fame Boys;
Spain ſhall tremble at our Sight,
And dread the *Britiſh* Name Boys;
For ſoon an Inſtance they ſhall ſee
Of *Britiſh* Force and Bravery;
If once we meet them on the Sea,
In the flying Orford.

Then let our Commander's Health
In Bumpers briſkly flow Boys,
While we with him exert our Strength
To quell *Old England*'s Foe Boys;
We'll every Thought of Danger ſlight,
And under him like *Britons* fight,
To do our injur'd Nation right
In the flying Orford.

A Song made at the End of the ſame Cruiſe on taking a *French* Sloop, laden with *Spaniſh* Gold.

ORFORDS rejoice, behold your Prize,
And ſeize the glorious Spoil;
The glittering Gold that charms your Eyes
Shall crown your warlike Toil.

France ſhall no more her Wiles employ
To ſcreen deſponding *Spain*;
Old England's Genius ſtill prevails,
And all their Art is vain.

Conqueſt and Wealth ſhall ſtill attend
Where Mayne ſhall lead the Way,
Whoſe gen'rous brave untainted Soul
We all with Pride obey.

A *French* EPIGRAM.

REMPLI ton Verre vuide
Vúidez votre Verre rempli,
Je n'aime pas voir dans vos mains
Une verre vuide ou rempli.

IMITATION of the Above.

FILL to the Brim the ſparkling Glaſs,
Thence quaff the glorious Potion;
I hate to ſee a Moment paſs
Without the Glaſs in Motion.

A POEM on the much lamented Death of Mrs. MARY CHANDLER.

Inſcribed to her two ſurviving Siſters, Sept. 13, 1745.

YE much-lov'd Mourners, dear lamenting Pair,
In all whoſe Griefs moſt tenderly I ſhare;
For whom my Soul would gladly quit Repoſe,
Forget her own, and mingle in your Woes;
Join in your Sorrows, count your ev'ry Tear,
Bid you once more your drooping Spirits chear;
Submit with Patience to the afflictive Rod,
Look up reſign'd and own the Hand of GOD:
Decent and juſt, and pious is your Grief,
And Tears are all Mortality's Relief:
But let thoſe Tears in Moderation flow,
And feel, but Scorn to ſink beneath your Woe.
Tender and cloſe the Tie that Nature draws,
Yet cloſer ſtill bind ſacred Friendſhip's Laws,
And you have loſt in her lamented End,
The deareſt Siſter, and moſt faithful Friend:
A kind Companion in your ev'ry Care,
A wiſe Director in each nice Affair;
A perfect Pattern of a Siſter's Love,
And near Reſemblance of the Bleſt above.
But ſhe is gone to everlaſting Joy;
Peace undiſturb'd and Reſt that ne'er can cloy:
To endleſs Bliſs, to Happineſs divine,
Where Saints departed in full Glory ſhine;
To the bright Regions of unclouded Light,
Where perfect Spirits in one Work unite;

In glorious Concert praiſe unbounded Grace,
And ſee unveil'd their dear Redeemer's Face.
Was there whom Poverty, or Pain diſtreſt,
For whom Compaſſion mov'd not in her Breaſt?
With whom ſhe did not ſimpathize in Grief,
Or lend Aſſiſtance, or afford Relief?
Was there a Good within her Power to do,
That ſhe did not with Eagerneſs purſue;
And nobly aim, with Piety ſincere,
At every generous Action in her Sphere?
Oft has my Soul with Admiration hung
Upon the enchanting Muſic of her Tongue:
While all her Words from pure Religion flow'd;
With ſacred Science every Sentence glow'd;
While nobleſt Maxims dwelt in every Line,
And every Accent taught us Truths Divine:
*'Twas thus ſhe ſung of Heavenly Wiſdom's Ways;
For Life returning tun'd her Songs of Praiſe:
Of ſacred Friendſhip told the dear Delight;
Warn'd the young Fair to uſe her Charms aright:
Of lawleſs Pleaſures bid the Gay beware,
Th' intemperate Sinner ſhun the ſparkling Snare:
And ſhew'd Remorſe, and Pain, and dire Diſeaſe,
The ſure Effects of Luxury and Eaſe.
'Twas thus ſhe ſung: Heav'n all her Lays approv'd,
And now ſhe triumphs in that Heav'n ſhe lov'd.
For her we grieve, we mourn for her in vain;
Our greateſt Loſs is her abundant Gain:
Yet Nature aſks the Tribute of our Tears,
And claims the Grief, the Mourner's Viſage wears,

*Theſe Lines allude to ſome Paſſages in Mrs. CHANDLER's Poems.

But ſhe has left a glorious Name behind,
Pure as her Life, and ſpotleſs as her Mind:
For all who knew her, in our Sorrows join;
All to lament her earneſtly combine;
Ev'n Party's Self once lays her Hatred by,
And undiſtinguiſh'd Tears drop faſt from every Eye.
Long e'er the laſt, the fatal Illneſs came,
The Soul impriſon'd in a feeble Frame;
With numerous frequent Illneſſes oppreſt,
With various Trials various Pains diſtreſt;
With wond'rous Patience bore the heavy Load,
Prayer her Relief, and all her Truſt was God.
For pure Religion all her Life inſpir'd,
And pure Devotion ever Action fir'd:
Her Maker's Worſhip was her chief Delight,
And all her Glory was to act aright.
Theſe were the Rules that form'd her well-ſpent Life,
Theſe the ſupports that in the dying Strife
When Nature fail'd, and every Hope was paſt,
And every Gaſp 'twas fear'd would be her laſt;
While yet ſhe ſtruggled for departing Breath,
In all the keeneſt Agonies of Death;
Taught her thoſe utmoſt Agonies to brave,
And ſmile at all the Terrors of the Grave;
She hop'd a better World, a State ſecure
From all the Miſeries Mortals here endure:
She hop'd a State of everlaſting Reſt,
Serenely happy and ſublimely bleſt:
Nor was her Truſt nor were her Hopes deceiv'd;
He was her Strength in whom ſhe had believ'd:

Her Faith ſhe held, in all her Trials faſt,
And found her God ſupport her to the laſt,
She bore with Patience all that Heav'n aſſign'd,
Strong was her Virtue, and her Will reſign'd:
Nor long ſhe languiſh'd on the Bed of Death,
Heav'n heard the Prayer of her expiring Breath:
From Pain, in Mercy, ſent a kind Releaſe,
And bid the longing Soul depart in Peace:
Enough her Virtue and her Faith were tried;
She ſunk into her Saviour's Arms and died.

Grant but this one Requeſt, O Power Divine!
Let ſuch a Life, and ſuch a Death be mine.

FINIS.

POEMS.